



### SPORTING IN SPITZBERGEN.

**N**ORTHERN Europe has of late years been a favorite field for British tourists. The result has been a number of capital books, the best of which are Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes," of which we have before spoken in this Magazine, and Mr. Lamont's recent "Seasons with the Sea-Horses."

"JAMES LAMONT, Esq., F.G.S.," is a man

worth knowing. From a hint dropped here and there, we gather that he is a Scotchman of wealth and position, who has traveled over a considerable part of our globe. Thus, apropos of an old battered opera-glass with which he was watching the movements of a white bear in Spitzbergen, he mentions some of the sights which that optical instrument had seen in its

day. Besides its normal employment in the opera-houses of London, Paris, Florence, Naples, and New York, it had surveyed Epsom races, Champ de Mars reviews, Seville bull-fights, and Niagara rainbows. It had stalked red deer in Scottish Highlands, scaly crocodiles on Nile sand-banks, and thick-skinned hippopotami in reedy African rivers. It had read Egyptian inscriptions at Thebes and Karnak; had peered from the Allied trenches at the frowning batteries before Sebastopol. It had seen cane-fields from the mountains of Trinidad and Martinique, overlooked Naples from Vesuvius, Cairo from the pyramids, and Jerusalem from Calvary. Though a Fellow of the Geological Society, Mr. Lamont modestly disavows all scientific claims; yet he is sufficiently versed in natural sciences to render his observations and speculations of considerable value. But the main charm of his book is its graphic descriptions of the chase of the seal, the walrus, the white bear, and the reindeer in Spitzbergen.

A yacht cruise, made in 1858, to the coast of Norway, induced him to plan a voyage still further north. His own trim yacht, the *Glacera*, was not adapted to navigation among the ice; so, having secured the co-operation of his friend, Lord David Kennedy, a sportsman of renown on the plains of India, he commissioned a Norwegian friend to hire a vessel and engage a crew for a cruise against the wild game of the Arctic Europe. The preparations included casks, to stow away the blubber, for it was determined that the oil and skins should pay a part of the cost of the cruise. Mr. Lamont, though a keen sportsman, is no vulgar slaughterer. He destroys no animal for the mere pleasure of killing it; to give him pleasure the death must somehow be of advantage. More than once he notes that he refrained from shooting seals, walrus, and reindeer, simply because it would have been impossible to recover their carcasses.

The projected trip, and the consequent book, came near failure. When Mr. Lamont was almost ready to start, he was solicited to become a candidate for member of Parliament, but was defeated by a small majority. This, as he says, was "unfortunate for the walruses, though perhaps fortunate for my constituents." Certainly it was fortunate for the readers of his book. Taking this political defeat quite coolly, Mr. Lamont and his friend urged on their preparations, and early in June, 1859, his yacht, having skirted the coast of Scotland, reached the Orkney Islands. At Lerwick, immortalized by Scott in "The Pirate," they attempted to procure some fresh supplies. But in this sea-port town of 3000 inhabitants they could not find a joint of meat, a pound of butter, or a single fresh fish. "This time of year," said a shopkeeper, "is what we call the starvation months."

Leaving the Orkneys, they steered in the teeth of contrary winds for the coast of Norway, and on the 23d of June reached Hammerfest, "the most northerly town in the world." It lies in latitude 70° 42', as far north from Quebec

as Quebec is from New Orleans. Yet the sea never freezes here. The uttermost skirt of the Gulf Stream touches this northern extremity of Europe. A mere fragment of the mass of heated water poured from the caldron of the Gulf of Mexico, having made a journey of 8000 miles, retains sufficient heat to give to Hammerfest a winter temperature as high as that of Boston, 2000 miles to the south. Northern Europe, indeed, owes its habitability to our Gulf Stream. Were it not for this, Great Britain would have the climate of Labrador, which lies in the same latitude.

Hammerfest, according to Mr. Lamont, is "the most unsavory place in the universe." If acres upon acres of unsalted fish drying upon the rocks, and huge boilers of walrus blubber, coal-fish, and sharks' liver oil are sufficient to create a stench equal to those of Cologne or Tunis, possibly this northern town may lay claim to a mal-odorous pre-eminence. Where travelers disagree, we shall not venture to decide. But we may agree with Mr. Lamont that, if the consumptive consumers of "pure cod-liver oil" could see how it is prepared at Hammerfest, its use would be seriously diminished.

At Hammerfest Mr. Lamont and Lord David found the vessel which they had engaged almost ready. The sloop *Anna Louisa* was an ugly tub of 30 tons burden, high at bow and stern, round in bottom, looking as though she was designed to make as much leeway as possible, and to upset at the first opportunity. The cabin was five feet high, furnished with two bunks, five and a half feet long. Deducting the space occupied by bunks and lockers, the available area of the cabin was just four feet square. She had, moreover, been the previous summer on a Spitzbergen trip, and was thoroughly impregnated with the odors of putrid walrus-oil and stale bilge-water. Her crew consisted of a "skypnar," or captain, and eleven men of various degrees.

Seals, walruses, bears, and reindeer were the game of which our sportsmen were in search. The great Spitzbergen seal—the *Phoca barbata* of naturalists—is an unwieldy creature some nine or ten feet long and six or seven in circumference, weighing about six hundred pounds, of which half is made up of skin and fat. The blubber yields about half its weight of fine oil. When in the water they are destitute of fear, and will come boldly up to a boat, first on one side and then on the other, as if they wished to make acquaintance with the strange object. It is, however, almost useless to shoot them in the water, as they sink at once. The most approved plan is not to fire unless the boat's head is directed toward the seal, and within thirty yards from it. Then if the men pull with a will, they may be in time to thrust a harpoon into him, and so save the body; but more likely they will be only in time to see him sinking, tail downward, just beyond reach. Probably two out of three seals shot in the water are lost. Upon the ice, where he retires to rest and sleep, the seal is



REAL-BROODING.

a very different creature. Even when asleep he is on the look-out for his great enemy the white bear, lifting up his round bullet head every three or four minutes to take a survey of his situation. He always lies close to the edge of the ice, and at the slightest alarm flings himself into the water. He will never allow a boat to approach him nearer than fifty or sixty yards; so that he

can be taken only by shooting him. He must be shot dead at once, for if wounded, no matter how severely, he is in the water at once, and farewell to his hide and the ten dollars' worth of oil packed away under it. To kill a seal from a boat at this distance requires good marksmanship, for the brain is the only spot in which a wound is mortal instantly, and this is not bigger than

WALRUSES ON THE ICE.



an orange. The moment the shot is fired the men row with all their might to the ice; if they find the seal there, a pick is driven into his head to make sure that he is dead; the skin and blubber is stripped off in a single sheet, and the carcass thrown into the sea.

The chase of the walrus is far more exciting than that of the seal. They are either shot and

harpooned in the water, or upon the ice, where they retire sometimes in vast herds for sleep. One morning our hunters were aroused by the cry "*Hrubrus pan Yern—Walrus on the ice!*" A sight well worth seeing met their eyes. Four large flat icebergs were so densely packed with the huge creatures that they looked like solid islands of walrus. They lay with their heads

upon each other's bodies like fat swine in a farm-yard. There were eighty or a hundred of them on the ice, and many more were grunting and spouting around trying vainly to climb up among their friends. There were plenty of empty icebergs around, but the walrus seem to prefer lying packed together as closely as possible. In this case the animals had not had time to settle into a comfortable snooze; the individuals in the water gave the alarm to their friends; and our hunters only succeeded in killing four of the herd.

Toward the close of August the walrus take to the land in some secluded spot, where they remain for weeks in a semi-torpid state, without moving or feeding. Thousands are sometimes congregated in a mass. The vessels have by this time nearly all departed, and the chances are that the trysting-place of the animals will not be discovered in the few days which remain of the season. But such chances are what every Spitzbergen hunter prays for by day and dreams of by night. Let him discover such a place, and the work of a few hours will be worth a fortune. Such a chance occurred in 1852 to a couple of small sloops. Approaching one of the Thousand Islands, they discovered a herd of four thousand walrus fast asleep. They lay in a little sandy bay shut in by rocks on each side, leaving only a narrow opening to the sea. The walrus is almost helpless on land, though fierce and active in the water. Sixteen men armed with lances attacked this herd. Those in front were killed until their carcasses formed a wall, over which those in the rear could not pass. The crews worked with a will; every good lance-thrust was worth a score of dollars. They thrust and stabbed the defenseless beasts till their spears were dulled, and they themselves were utterly exhausted. In a few hours these sixteen men had killed nine hundred walrus. Their vessels would hold only a small part of their prey. They loaded them to their utmost capacity, and set sail for Hammerfest, hoping to be able to return with other vessels and secure the remainder. They were disappointed. When they came back, they found the island shut in by miles of drift ice, through which they could not pass. Before spring the skins and blubber were of course useless; so that six or seven hundred walrus were destroyed without benefit to any body. Six years later Mr. Lamont visited the island. Even then the remains of the walrus were piled up two or three deep, many of the skins and carcasses being tolerably entire, in spite of the ravages of bears, foxes, and gulls. The smell of this decaying mass of flesh was perceptible at a distance of several miles. This island, which was formerly known as a famous resort of walrus, is now entirely deserted by them.

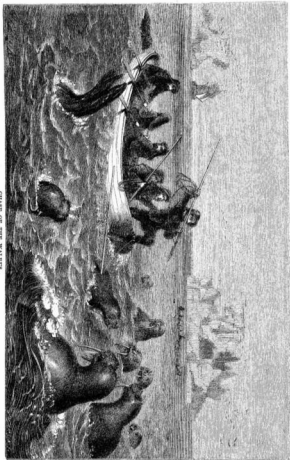
The walrus seems to be aware of his helplessness out of water, and when a herd take to the ice for repose, a sort of watch is kept up. Once Mr. Lamont came upon a group of ten or a dozen flat bergs crowded with walrus. Many of them were asleep; but as the boats ap-

proached the sentinels alarmed their sleeping comrades by flapping them with their fore paws, and troop after troop scuffled into the water just in time to avoid a harpoon thrust. On this occasion not a single one was captured. In the water, however, the walrus is quite another creature. If let alone he is inoffensive; but when he is attacked he shows fight, which makes hunting him no child's play. His tusks are formidable weapons, of solid ivory inserted for six or seven inches into a mass of solid bone, which forms the front of his skull, the brain lying far back, in what appears to be the place of his neck. From the position of the tusks one would suppose that they could only be used for a downward blow; but the creature turns his neck with great facility, and can strike upwards and sideways as well as downwards. If a polar bear, pressed by hunger, ventures to attack a young walrus in the water, the whole herd rush upon him, drag him under water, and tear him in pieces. Sometimes an old walrus will rush upon a boat and upset it. Mr. Lamont saw a boat which had thus been overturned; and while the crew were struggling in the water, the walrus pitching upon the harpooner, tore him nearly in halves with a single blow of his tusks.

In the water, the walrus is usually captured by "jaging;" that is, chasing a herd, keeping in the direction which they appear to take when they dive. The old walrus can outswim any boat; but they accommodate their speed to that of the young. If a young one is struck, he sets up a plaintive grunt, which brings the whole herd around the boat. The affection of the dams for their young is very touching. Mr. Lamont's harpooner had once struck an old cow, when he observed that she had a young one under her right fin. The harpooner tried repeatedly to strike the "junger," but the cow seemed to watch the direction of the blow, and to receive with pleasure several harpoons intended for her young. "I shall never forget," he says, "the faces of the old walrus and her calf as they looked back at the boat. The countenance of the young one so expressive of abject terror, and yet of confidence in its mother's power of protecting it, as it swam along under her wing, and the old cow's face showing such reckless defiance for all that we could do to herself, and yet such terrible anxiety for the safety of her calf." One is almost sorry to read that the old cow was killed, and the young one harpooned, when the men commenced gently stirring him up with the butt-end of a lance, in order to make him cry out, and so call back the herd—this time, however, without success, for the herd had gone out of hearing when the young one was captured. "Jaging walrus" must be exciting work. Mr. Lamont thus describes such a scene:

"Five pairs of oars, pulled with utmost strength, make the boat seem to fly through the water, while, perhaps, a hundred walrus, roaring, bellowing, blowing, snorting, and splashing, make an acre of the sea all in a foam before and around her. The harpooner stands with one

CHASE OF THE WALKERS.



foot on the thwart and the other on the front locker, with the line coiled in his right hand, and the long weapon in both hands ready balanced for a dart, while he shouts to the crew which direction to take. The herd generally keep close together. One moment you see a hundred gristy heads and long gleaming white tusks above the waves; they give one spout

from their blow-holes, take one breath of fresh air, and the next moment you see a hundred brown hemispherical backs, the next a hundred pair of hind flippers flourishing, and then they are all down. On, on, goes the boat as hard as ever we can pull the oars; up come the sea-horses again, pretty close this time, and before they can draw breath the boat rushes into the

midst of them: *whisk!* goes the harpoon; *birr!* goes the line over the gunwale; and a luckless junger on whom Christian has kept his eye is 'fast!' his beaved nether charges the boat instantly with flashing eyes and snorting with rage; she quickly receives a harpoon in the back and a bullet in the brains, and she hangs lifeless on the line; now the junger begins to utter his plaintive grunting bark, and fifty furious walrus are close round the boat in a few seconds, rearing up breast-high in the water, and snorting and blowing as if they would tear us all to pieces. Two of these auxiliaries are speedily harpooned in their turn, and the rest hang back a little, when, as bad luck would have it, the junger gave up the ghost, owing to the severity of his harpooning, and the others, no longer attracted by his cries, retire to a more prudent distance. But for the 'untoward' and premature decease of the junger, the men tell me we should have had more walrus on our hands than we could manage. We now devote our attention to 'polishing off' the two live walrus—well-sized young bulls—who are still towing the heavy boat, with their two dead comrades attached, as if she was behind a steam-tug, and struggling madly to drag us under the icebergs: a vigorous application of the lancea soon settles the business, and we now, with some difficulty, tow our four dead victims to the nearest flat iceberg and fix the ice-anchor, by which, with the powerful aid of block and tackle, we haul them one by one on the ice and divest them of their spoils. While we were engaged in cutting up these walrus, there were at least fifty more surrounding the iceberg, snorting and bellowing, and rearing up in the water as if smelling the blood of their slaughtered friends, and curious to see what we were doing to them now. They were so close that I might have shot a dozen of them; but as they would have been sure to sink before the boat could get to them, I was not so cruel as wantonly to take their lives. When the walrus were all skinned, we followed the herd again with success; and when we left off, in consequence of dense fog suddenly coming on, we had secured nine altogether—a very fair morning's bag, we thought."

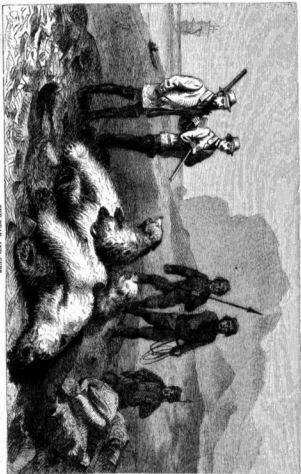
The walrus-hunters of Norway are the true descendants of the Vikings and Berserkers, who were once the terror of all maritime Europe. They lead a hard and dangerous life, and have a weary and restless look about the eyes, as though they were in the perpetual presence of danger. At sea they are bold and hardy; at home their normal state is that of intoxication. Their trade is a kind of lottery, where the certainty of privation and labor is balanced by the possibility of large gains. The walrus is valuable for his oil, his skin, and his ivory. The oil is less in proportion to his bulk than that of the seal. A seal of 600 pounds will have 200 or more of fat; a walrus of 2000 pounds will have no more. A very obese old walrus, weighing 3000 pounds, may produce 500 or 600 pounds of blubber, the smaller quantity being the utmost

furnished by the best specimens killed by Mr. Lamont. But then his skin is valuable, being worth from four to eight dollars. It is principally sent to Sweden and Russia, where it is used for harness and sole-leather, or twisted into ropes. Formerly nearly all the rigging of Russian and Norwegian vessels was made of walrus skin. When the market is overstocked, the surplus is boiled into glue.

From walrus we pass to bears. Mr. Lamont believes that the Polar Bear—the *Ursus maritimus* of naturalists—is, in a state of nature, the largest and strongest carnivorous animal in the world. Be this as it may, his first specimen—the one which he was watching through the old opera-glass of which we have spoken—was a monster. His carcass measured eight feet in length, and almost as much in circumference. He stood four and a half feet high at the shoulder. The fore-paws were 34 inches around. His weight was at least 1200 pounds: of this the fat constituted 400 pounds, and the hide 100. When skinned, his neck and shoulders were like those of a bull. The hunters say that he will kill the biggest bull-walrus, although nearly three times his own weight, by springing upon him from behind, and battering in his skull by repeated blows. Mr. Lamont believes this, though he doubts the stories told of the way in which he is killed by hunters. One man, who professes to know all about it, says that the hunters use a spear having a cross-piece a couple of feet from the point. Hunter presents point to Ursus; Ursus seizes spear by cross-piece, and in trying to drag it away buries the blade in his own body, and so kills himself.

Many stories are told of the affection of the she-bear for her young. Mr. Lamont's experience corroborates the truth of these; while it is to be regretted it indicates a total want of corresponding filial love on the part of the cubs. The very day after the destruction of the old patriarch of whom we have just spoken, a she-bear with two cubs was discovered traveling over the ice. Chase was given. The old bear stood up for a moment, looked about her, and apparently concluded that their safety depended upon flight. Away she went, with her cubs, over the rough ice, cut up by channels and gullies. She could easily overleap these, and might have escaped. Not so her cubs. They could only clamber or swim over. The mother never deserted them; but waited for them, helping them up the steep sides. This so retarded her progress that her pursuers came within range. A shot from Lord David broke her back, and completely paralyzed her. Coming up, her pursuers soon dispatched her, and tied the cubs together. While she was being skinned, the young vermin were ferociously fighting together. When the skin was taken off, they were allowed to get at the carcass, and they proceeded at once to make a hearty meal upon the smoking entrails of the mother who had just given up her own life for them. They then squatted down upon the hide, and would not stir from it; so it was

BIRD-BEAR AND CUBS



used as a sledge upon which to drag the cubs to the boat. When they reached the sloop the cubs found the skin of the old bear killed the previous day stretched out on the deck. It seemed familiar to them. Very likely it may have been their father; at all events they settled upon it and went to sleep. Perhaps they thought that having supped upon the carcass of one pa-

rent, the skin of the other was the very thing for a bed at night. These two cubs became the pets and pests of the sloop. One of them—the female—was peaceable enough; but her brother so worried and annoyed her that it was necessary to separate them. He was a most ferocious young demon, biting at any thing that came in his way. More than once, when let loose for a



while, for the sake of exercise, he jumped overboard and tried to swim to land, ten miles away, and was brought back only after a severe course of scratching and biting.

Stout as he is, *Ursa maritima* has to use cunning to get a living. He relies mainly upon walrus and seals. Though quite competent to manage the biggest walrus singly, he is over-matched by a herd; and unluckily for him walrus are apt to go in herds. He can not pick up a "junger" without bringing down upon him a score of tusked cousins and uncles. Then the seals are so shrewd. In the water they do not fear him. They can outswim and outdive him. There they will play around him in a manner calculated to aggravate his feelings to the utmost. Mr. Lamont thinks he catches one in the water now and then, but he can not conceive how he does it. Upon the ice *Ursa* has the advantage. But the seals know this, and sleep with both ears and one eye open. But *Ursa's* eyes and nose are of the sharpest. When either of these tell him that seals are floating about on the ice he slips into the water, half a mile or so to the leeward, and paddles quietly along, with his nose only visible, until he is close under the cake of ice on the very edge of which the seal is reposing. Then one jump, and a blow of his huge paw, settles the business. Between strength and cunning *Ursa* manages to make a quite comfortable living, and keep himself in very good order. Three which Mr. Lamont killed yielded 600 pounds of fat. "What a thousand pities," he exclaims, "that it is not worth 3s. 6d. a pot, as in the Burlington Arcade!"

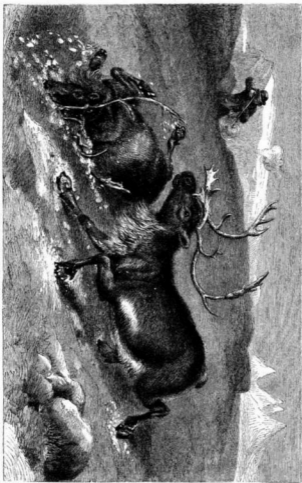
Every body has heard of good Bishop Pontopidan's famous "CHAPTER XXXIV.—ON THE SNAKES OF ICELAND," which consists of those six words: "There are no snakes in Iceland." Mr. Lamont says that he has often been asked about the "Inhabitants of Spitzbergen." His answer was very like the chapter of the Bishop: "There are no inhabitants in Spitzbergen." It is true that a couple of centuries ago, when the Spitzbergen waters abounded in whales, the Dutch had a settlement on the coast, called "Smeerenburg," or "Blubber-Town," where, according to report, one could get hot rolls for breakfast, and enjoy female society in the evening. But that was only a summer settlement, abandoned at the approach of winter. An English trading Company afterward tried to establish a permanent colony there. Some criminals were promised by Government a pardon if they would pass a winter in Spitzbergen. They were carried out in a whaler for that purpose; but when they had taken a look at the country, they made up their minds that they would rather be hanged in London than live in Spitzbergen. They were taken back, but were not hanged after all, as very likely they deserved. There are records of some two or three shipwrecked crews who have actually passed one or more winters there. It is said, also, that the Russians for some time maintained a sort of hunting colony on the

coast, the men passing one winter in Spitzbergen and the next at home. That, however, was long ago. Mr. Lamont was told that in 1858 there was living at Kola, in Lapland, an old Russian who had for thirty-five years passed the alternate winters in Spitzbergen. If this was true, the Muscovite was probably the only living man who had actually wintered in Spitzbergen. On the 17th of August, 1869, the *Assa Louisa* was in latitude 78°. Other fishing vessels in Spitzbergen had gone southward; there were then no "Arctic Expeditions" away, and so Mr. Lamont congratulated himself on being that day nearer the North Pole than any other human being. Not long afterward the sloop reached another degree northward. This is farther north than Van Kesselaer Harbor, where our own noble Kane passed his last Arctic winter. It is within one and a half degrees—about 150 miles—of the furthest northward point ever reached by water, which is that attained by Scoresby, in latitude 81° 30'. Parry's overland expedition, in 1827, went as high as 82° 40'; and the extreme northern point gained by the sledge-party sent out by Kane was 82° 27'—a difference northward of scarcely a dozen miles. The expeditions of Parry and Kane may fairly share the honors of having of all men approached nearest to the northern pole of the earth; for the stories of early Dutch navigators having reached the latitude of 83° or 84° are not fairly authenticated. The point to be noted is that the climates of the two hemispheres are so different that Lamont and Kennedy, on a mere pleasure expedition, with a common fishing sloop, reached without difficulty, from Spitzbergen, a point further north than Kane could gain in Greenland with all his indomitable resolution. The inference is, that if human feet are ever to stand at the North Pole of the earth, the way is by Spitzbergen rather than Greenland.

When Mr. Lamont says that Spitzbergen is uninhabited, he refers to human beings. The reindeer runs wild there, every little valley affording a troop of from three to twenty. These wild reindeer are smaller than the tame ones of Lapland; but they attain a most wonderful state of fatness. Mr. Lamont thinks this must be owing to the nutritious quality of the moss upon which they feed. Those killed in July were lean enough. A month later they were fit to take prizes at an agricultural show. The hinds giving milk and their calves were very fat, while the old stags were perfect miracles of condition. All over their bodies was a sort of cylinder of solid fat two or three inches thick; they were "scal-fat," says Mr. Lamont, emphatically. This coating which is so speedily acquired seems to be intended to enable them to exist during the long polar winter, when little food is to be had. They must live through the winter mainly upon the stores of fat accumulated in the short summer.

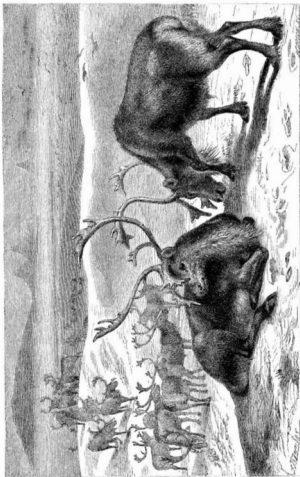
Mr. Lamont thinks the flesh of the reindeer the most exquisite meat he ever tasted, with perhaps the exception of a fat eland in Africa, and

HILFSTEINER-SPITZBERGEN.



a little West Indian animal which the negroes call the "Lapp"—the *Chuvia paoca* of naturalists. To be fully enjoyed it must be eaten directly after the deer has been killed, as the fat in a short time acquires a rank taste and unpleasant odor. The best mode of cooking the meat is one which Mr. Lamont learned years ago in Palestine from Hadji Mohammed, a one-eyed

Arab cook. This is the recipe. "First catch a fat deer, then cut a number of wooden skewers, and thread upon these alternately pieces of meat, heart, and fat, each cut to about the size and thickness of a dollar, broil upon the glowing embers, season with wood-ashes in the absence of salt and pepper, and bite them off while smoking hot. If you are hungry," he adds, sug-



GROUP OF REINDEER.

gestively, "you fancy this the most delicious thing you ever tasted."

Merely as sport, the hunting of the reindeer is rather tame. Not unfrequently they will of their own accord walk up within easy shot, when the hunter is not only in full view, but to the windward. The report of a rifle does not alarm them; very likely they think it the noise to which they

are accustomed, of rocks and ice splitting from frost. When two or three were together all were not unfrequently killed by successive shots. Lord David once came upon five; he knocked over four with a round shot from his four-barreled rifle, and the fifth stood snuffing at his dead companions until the hunter had time to reload, when he also was dispatched. At another time

the leg of an old stag was broken by a bullet; he ran a little distance, then stopped, looked around, and seeing nothing, commenced grazing, as though nothing had happened of sufficient consequence to keep him from his dinner. Their extraordinary boldness seems to arise from the fact that in the interior, where the greater part of their lives are passed, they have never seen a human being, or any thing else which could hurt them; for there are no wolves in Spitzbergen, and the bear probably never has a chance to meddle with a reindeer, unless he chances to fall in with a sick or wounded one near the seashore.

September approached. The ice began to close up the bays and fords where the walrus resorts, and there was no more chance for blubber. Of reindeer they had in a few days killed as many as they wanted. Three tons of venison hung about the yacht, on which they had now taken up their quarters. So they contented themselves with picking off a few of the old stags whose antlers were especially fine, and salting their tongues as presents for friends at home. Returning to Hammerfest, they paid off their crew, and sold their blubber. "The price," says Mr. Lamont, "was very low—as seems always to be the case whenever one has any thing to sell. But still we realized a sum which went a long way toward paying our expenses; in addition to which we kept the young bears, the six bearskins, and all the ivory." They gave up the tub of a sloop, Lord David carving upon one of the cabin beams, which was of "soft wood, just the thing for whitening," a summary of their cruise. It ran thus:

"LORD DAVID KENNEDY and JAMES LAMONT hired this Sloop *Arcton* Lørdin, No. A 1, in the Summer of the Year 1856, and killed in SEPTEMBER 46 WALRUSES, 85 SEALA, 5 POLAR BEARS, 1 WHITE WHALE, 41 REINDEER. Total, 204 HEAD.—N. B. In addition to the above, we stunk and lost about 20 Walrus and Seal."

They had secured splendid specimens of all Spitzbergen animals worthy of a sportsman's attention, with the exception of the narwhal and the black fox. Their collection lacks the long spiral horn of the former, and the splendid skin of the latter—the rarest and most costly fur in the world. Both these animals are very rare. They saw no narwhal. Once a black fox came skulking down toward the carcass of a deer which they had killed; but he kept beyond shot, apparently aware that his sable jacket, worth a hundred dollars, was quite too valuable to be risked for a dinner.

They left Hammerfest on the 15th of September. As they had the wind directly in their teeth going out, they anticipated that, in the nature of things, it would change so as to blow in their teeth also going back. It did so; and besides they had the full benefit of the equinoctial gales. They avoided Lerwick on their return, apprehending that the "starvation months" were not over, and the hungry population might storm the yacht, to get possession of the cargo of venison.

Mr. Lamont had some difficulty in getting rid of his two young bears. He offered them to nearly every menagerie in the kingdom; but the British Barnums were overstocked with bears. Not a bid was to be had. At length they found a purchaser in the Director of the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris; and a tough bargain they seem to have been. Some months after Mr. Lamont saw them in their new home. They had grown considerably; but their naturally amiable dispositions had not been improved by their confinement in a warm, dry den, adapted for tropical animals. Unlike the lion in the story, they did not welcome their former shipmate, nor manifest the least gratitude to the individual who had, so to speak, "brought them up by hand."

## ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAR.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### CHRISTMAS IN HARLEY STREET.

It seems singular to me myself, considering the idea which I have in my own mind of the character of Lady Staveley, that I should be driven to declare that about this time she committed an unpardonable offense, not only against good-nature, but also against the domestic proprieties. But I am driven so to say, although she herself was of all women the most good-natured and most domestic; for she asked Mr. Farnival to pass his Christmas-day at Noningsby, and I find it impossible to forgive her that offense against the poor wife whom in that case he must leave alone by her desolate hearth. She knew that he was a married man as well as I do. Sophia, who had a proper regard for the domestic peace of her parents, and who could

have been happy at Noningsby without a father's care, not unfrequently spoke of her, so that her existence in Harley Street might not be forgotten by the Staveleys—explaining, however, as she did so, that her dear mother never left her own fireside in winter, so that no suspicion might be entertained that an invitation was desired for her also; nevertheless, in spite of all this, on two separate occasions did Lady Staveley say to Mr. Farnival that he might as well prolong his visit over Christmas.

And yet Lady Staveley was not attached to Mr. Farnival with any peculiar warmth of friendship; but she was one of those women whose foolish hearts will not allow themselves to be controlled in the exercise of their hospitality. Her nature demanded of her that she should ask a guest to stay. She would not have allowed a dog to depart from her house at this season of